

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

Pledged to The Republican Policy of Reciprocity and Protection to American Industries, as Formulated in The Republican National Platform.

Vol. XIV, No. 28.

Antioch, Illinois Thursday, March 14, 1901.

J. J. BURKE, Editor and Prop.
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OBITUARY.

Ezekiel Boylan, of Antioch.

Those now living who can look back over a long period of forty three years of Antioch's history may possibly remember a boy of ten, who came to this township, homeless and without friends, in search of employment, with naught but a rugged, honest face to recommend him. It was the good fortune of Mr. Ira R. Webb to give the strange boy a home and remuneration for his labor. It was on the farm of Mr. Webb that the young man secured a start in life.

Mr. Boylan was born in Ireland in 1838. But little is known of his early childhood except that at the age of six he came with his father's family to America, whether the mother had already gone. Before the vessel reached port the father died and was buried at sea: the children continuing their long journey to Chicago, where Mr. Boylan spent a greater part of the interval until he came to Lake County.

As a boy he was industrious, honest and careful in his resources and when he became a man these principles were firmly fixed in his character and to them he adhered throughout life. He never sought popularity and consequently his biography is free from romance or adventure. In 1868 he was married to Miss Mary Webb, and settled upon a farm south of Antioch which he purchased from Mr. H. B. Fairman, where he has lived continuously since.

He was a man of fine physique, and never spared his strength or endurance and was eminently successful in farming to which he devoted his entire attention, never venturing into fields of speculation where wealth could possibly be more quickly and easily acquired.

About ten years ago he was compelled by failing health to lay aside the "shovel and the hoe," but continued the management of his estate and could not be persuaded to permanently leave the home to which he had devoted so many years of toil.

Never did disease find a more determined enemy, but day by day and year by year it kept up an incessant bombardment, and at last reduced the stalwart form into almost a helpless condition. Various noted physicians and more favorable climates were sought but all in vain; he could not find relief and invariably returned to the care of Dr. E. H. Ames, his lifelong friend, in whom he reposed perfect confidence. During his long illness he was ever cheerful and often suffered needless pain rather than complain.

We who were closely associated with him marveled at his genial manner, even when the clouds of discouragement were the darkest about him. During the past decade his greatest pleasure was derived from the visit of young people and children to his home, their gay laughter would always bring the old light to his eyes and the kindly smile to his lips.

Without pain, without warning, without a movement which those who were near him could detect the day of life closed upon him on the morning of the 28th of February. He had just completed the dictation of a letter when the end came, showing that his mind and memory were clear to the last moment of his life.

The funeral was from Hickory, Sunday, March, 3rd.

He leaves a wife, a daughter, Mrs. H. H. Grimm; a son, Ira W.; and two brothers, Thomas and William, both prosperous farmers in Iowa.

Oh, wrap a shroud around our friend
And lay him in the cold, cold earth,
And let your tears in showers descend,
They cannot magnify his worth.
His work is done; the journey brief
Through this small world was fraught with pain
Yet burdened are our hearts with grief
For him we ne'er shall meet again.

Not meet again? Can that be true?
Is there no hope beyond man's eye?
Will love's ties binding me and you
Be severed for eternity?
Methinks the golden chain of love
Which holds us firmly 'til life ends,
Still binds us in the land above
And through God's universe extends.

Our friend has gone; what did he leave,
What actions, words and cheering smiles
On memory's shelf our hearts to grieve
On memory's shelf our hearts to grieve
While he the weary years beguiles
'Till those he loved complete the round
And join him in the Great Unknown?
We trust that pleasure will abound
Until his waiting years have flown.

What did he leave in memory stored?
A simple love all could construe—
Unadorned by a single word—
A friendship everlasting, true.
Around such lowly hearts as mine
The rugged smile he always gave
In never fading memory's twine:
I'll bear him with me to the grave.
So let him sleep; the boatman grey
Will come across the rolling tide,
At some not very distant day,
And bear us to the other side.
Then may some sad heart softly sigh,
As I do now, though sorely grieved,
As our cold ashes mouldering lie,
The world is better that he lived.

—J. Paul Fairman.

Biography of William Nelson.

As we are assembled together this morning to pay our last respects to our deceased brother, we are reminded that another landmark, a pillar of civilization, and a monument to citizenship has been removed. Mr. Nelson was born on the 1st of May of 1824.

Had he lived until the 25th day of this month (March) he would have reached the ripe old age of 77. He was married in 1848 and started immediately for this country to try "the wilds of America," settling in this vicinity. To this union were born six children, three boys and three girls.

Five children, two brothers, his companion, who had nursed him in sickness, suffered hardships and toil with him, and a host of long acquaintances and friends are left to mourn their loss.

Ever since he settled in this vicinity, in 1848, he has played a conspicuous part in shaping its morals, citizenship and civilization. His form was often seen upon the street, his voice heard in protesting against wrong and upholding the right, and the almost constant ring of his hammer proclaimed to the world that he believed in and practiced the principle that every man should earn his living by honest toil.

He was not demonstrative in character, forcing his beliefs and opinions upon others but he had a deep abiding sense of justice and conviction, so that when his mind was fully made up as to the right or wrong of anything he was unwavering in his decisions. He was not a man who changed from one opinion to another as convenience may suggest, but held firmly to what he believed to be right.

Not accustomed to luxury and ease, he began at the bottom of the ladder of success and gradually ascended amidst sacrifice and toil, and in the face of obstacles and opposition. Many a time has he related to me the early scenes when he settled here, when there were no railroads and few wagon roads, mostly paths through the wilderness, how he had started out early in the morning, perhaps at two or three o'clock, and walked to Waukegan through the snow to secure some material for his work and return during the evening or night of the same day, or how he was compelled to labor as best he could without the necessary implements because he could not secure them.

A man with such a sturdy character as his cannot well be spared, although he has lived out more than his three score years and ten. His character and his life has been stamped upon the community and his principles interwoven into its moral fiber.

He had a big, warm, open heart, nothing of his being too good to loan or to give to a neighbor in need. Those who have known him the longest, loved him most, and those who were his nearest neighbors render him the highest praise.

He was a man who seemed to love seclusion rather than publicity. He loved the quiet retreat of his home where he could sit down without fear of molestation and read the news of the day or a sermon of a noted divine or his Bible. He has often told me of the volumes of sermons that he has read, and how much he had enjoyed them. One time he told me of reading one of the sermons of that saintly man whom God called home a little more than a year ago, D. L. Moody, remarking how simple they were. I told him that was a true sign of greatness. It requires a great man to be simple and plain—Christ was the greatest of all men and yet the simplest. When I have prayed with him and his wife here in this very room, I noticed that he warmly sanctioned the petitions, and it seemed to do him good.

Last Tuesday, (March 5) afternoon, at about four o'clock, God called him, not by a long, tedious and painful disease, but he simply went to awake on the eternal shore. "Not many lives, but only one, have we; One, only one, How sacred should that one life be, Day after day filled up with blessed toil, Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil."

ORLANDO S. GARD, Pastor.

Cord of Thanks.

We wish to return our many thanks for the kindness of neighbors and friends in assisting us during the sickness and death of a husband and father, also the Lake Villa choir for services rendered.

MRS. WM. NELSON
AND FAMILY.

Night Was Her Terror.

"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but, when all other medicines failed three \$1.00 bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 58 pounds. 'It's absolutely guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, Bronchitis, and All Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 50c \$1.00. Trials bottles free at Wm. T. Hill's drug store."

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DISC HARROWS—If you are looking for a Disc Harrow, I have the Osborne, Janesville and Moline. These are known the world over as the three best disc harrows on the market.

SEEDERS—For seeders I have the Prairie City force-feed, both narrow and wide track. Steel lever harrows of all sizes.

SULKY PLOWS—For Sulky Plows I have the Good Enough and High Flying Dutchman Sulky.

CORN PLANTERS, CULTIVATORS, WAGONS, BEST BUGGY ON THE MARKET FOR THE MONEY

Call and get my prices before buying.
My goods speak for themselves.

Yours for business, **F. L. THORN, Antioch, Ill.**

NORTHERN WISCONSIN DEVELOPMENT

That rapidly developing territory which occupies the northern half of Wisconsin is not new enough to cause the hardships and vicissitudes of frontier life, and old enough to keep away the intending settler on account of exorbitant land prices. It is in that stage of partial development which gives great opportunity to bring it to the highest point of perfection and prosperity. Schools, good roads and other improvements are going in. All that is needed is a small capital. Brawn and brain, supplemented by push and energy, will do the rest. The iron ore, coal, kolin and clay beds the timber and the rich soil, give equal opportunity to the settler and the manufacturer. Land is cheap and can be purchased on easy terms.

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Circulation in Western Lake County, than
Any Paper Published in the State.
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

Reducing the number of American troops in Pekin is only carrying out the announced policy of this government.

The Hay-Poncefort treaty died March 4, but if desired by the two governments its restoration to life will be easy.

President McKinley's second inaugural address would be hard to beat, either as a common sense business speech or a patriotic talk.

Sensible persons are not worrying over the authority Congress has given President McKinley in the Philippines; they know it will not be abused.

An attempt is to be made to impeach Gov. Beckham, of Kentucky, for having used the pardoning power for gain and other corrupt purposes.

The attendance at President McKinley's second inauguration was a record breaker, which shows that the people know a good thing when they have it.

Imagine the feelings of John F. Dovey, who found out a few minutes after enlisting in the navy that he was one of ten heirs to a fortune of \$4,000,000.

Gov. Dietrich, says the Nebraska legislature will certainly elect two republican Senators, but he admits that nobody can name either of them yet.

Neither one of the thirteen new Senators sworn in by Vice President Roosevelt, just after his inauguration, believes that the "hoodoo" applies to him.

It is only necessary to watch Russia clinching its hold on Chinese territory already under its control to be convinced that lying is not prohibited in Russian diplomacy.

While it is generally admitted that the devil is not always as black as he is painted there seems to be a disposition to consider Admiral Sampson blacker than he is painted.

A little thing like rain couldn't stop the enthusiasm of the thousands who went to Washington to see President McKinley's second inauguration, even if it did dampen them a little.

The establishment of a line of steamers between Chicago and Europe recalls the fact that Capt. C. D. Pierce, about 25 years ago, loaded a vessel at Chicago and took it directly to Europe.

The Chicago evangelist who has offered to wager \$1,000 that he can make fifteen converts in two weeks in any church in that town will be called "a dead game sport" if he isn't careful.

Pettigrew, Allen and Lentz are leading the push on the toboggan slide which runs into the lake of oblivion. Their fate should be a warning to traitorously inclined men who happen to break into Congress.

The new code for the District of Columbia, passed during the closing hours of Congress, imposes a penalty of ten years imprisonment for sending, receiving or carrying a challenge to fight a duel.

The dignity with which Vice President Roosevelt is presiding over the extra executive sessions of the Senate, now being held to confirm Presidential nominations, must jar the readers of the yellow journals.

As Senator Frye is a staunch prohibitionist the elegant silver cup presented to him by his fellow-Senators to show their appreciation of his performance of the duties of presiding officer will probably be more ornamental than useful.

We haven't heard that Mr. Bryan has offered a job on his editorial staff to any of the Congressional talent, which has come on the market through the enforced retirement of a number of his most worthy worshippers. Is Mr. Bryan selfish?

The question of how long American occupation of Cuba shall continue has now been passed along to the Cubans; they can run their own government as soon as they comply with the conditions laid down by Congress and approved by President McKinley.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor, whose money comes from this country and is spent in England, where he has acquired citizenship and a number of snubs, is said to be laying out a wire for the purchase of an English title. We think he will succeed; there will then be no danger of his ever coming back to us, along without his kind.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.
BY JAS. CAYNE.

From my earliest recollection I had been taught to regard all ghost stories, whether told verbally or read from books or papers, as the merest fiction—that is, any apparition in human form, purporting to be the disembodied spirit of some human being—that there was no such thing ever happened, or could happen; and as I grew up all my experiences pointed in the same direction. I noticed that all stories of this nature were either here-say tales, or if they were claimed to be the actual experience of the relator, they wanted confirmation there were no witnesses, or the cases had not been thoroughly investigated. I also noticed that those persons claiming the power to call up ghosts to order, before an audience, always surrounded themselves by such suspicious paraphernalia as a dark room and darker cabinet; shams too flimsy for common sense not to detect. And not unfrequently had the ghost herself been grabbed and held in the sturdy arms of some daring unbeliever, until all the audience were forced to admit that the so-called medium was nothing more than a flesh-and-blood impostor, posing as a means of making a living. So that I became a confirmed skeptic as to the possibility of any real ghosts; the disembodied spirits of human beings, ever returning to this world, either voluntarily or to order. But my time had not come yet; the crucial test had not yet been applied to me, personally.

My first and only encounter with a ghost was in one of the old castles which abound in the British Isles and other European countries. To avoid the possibility of giving offense to anybody, I have obtained from the proper authority, permission to make use of names, places and circumstances—I must also account for my having been caught sleeping in a castle, by stating the fact that I had been appointed to my first position, which was to be on the extensive estates of the Earl of Devon, surrounding and including the town of Newcastle West, in Ireland.

Upon my proceeding to, and reporting at the Courtenay Castle, the Irish residence of the Devon family, and where the estate agent resides, I was informed that I was to lodge at the castle until the North Lodge, a pretty cottage also within the demesne walls, and about half a mile from the castle, which was being got ready for my use, would be finished.

If I may be allowed to make a slight digression, I would like to describe, briefly, this castle and its romantic, immediate surroundings. It is situated close by the town of Newcastle West—a town of, probably, 4,000 inhabitants, and is itself part of the Devon estate—so close, indeed, that the principal entrance gate, leading to the castle and demesne, opens into the market square; and the demesne wall, ten feet high, separates the town from a considerable distance, from the private grounds of the castle.

At the time of which I write—1847—I was told that it then was over 100 years old. It is still locally referred to as the new castle, in contradistinction from the ruins of older castles immediately adjoining it, and known as the Desmond castle; which belonged to the earls of Desmond up to the year 1856, when the then earl was attained for high treason; his castle and extensive landed possessions being confiscated to the crown, and afterwards divided among certain English settlers, one of whom was a Courtenay, and who afterwards became earl of Devon. Hence the name, Courtenay Castle, given to the present edifice, Courtenay being still the family name, and Devon the title. I may also state that the home residence of the earls of Devon is Ponderham Castle, Devonshire, England.

The Courtenay castle is built upon part of the foundations formerly occupied by the Desmond castle, a large pile of which still remains, closely adjoining the present castle, as a ruin of two stories, the upper stories having fallen or been torn down centuries ago.

This ruin is entirely covered with ivy, so old that its stems, flattened against the stone walls, look more like the sturdy oak than the clinging vine. This ruin, together with the present castle, forms one side of the castle garden, which is surrounded on the other three sides by a stone wall twelve feet high, the beveled coping of which is closely studded with broken bottles, stuck in when the cement was in a plastic state.

There is another of the old Desmond buildings, in a comparatively good state of preservation; situated just inside of the entrance gate, and not more than forty rods distant from the castle and other ruins. It is also covered with ivy, evidently some centuries old. It is called the Desmond wall, to this day. It is two very high stories in height, the upper one being reached by a flight of stone stairs on the outside. It was, in my time, and probably is yet, occupied as a barrack, by the 1st or Royal dragons, under command of Major Humphreys; the horses on the first floor and the soldiers on the upper. Their scarlet uniforms, tassels and bugle calls; their drills and parades, gave to the whole town as well as the vicinity of the castle, a pleasant and cheerful aspect. A celebrated wall, called St. David's, is situated on the opposite side of the entrance drive, from this Desmond Hall barrack; the cold pure water constantly pouring from the mouth of a stone man, set in the wall at the back part of the wall. There are no waterworks in the town of Newcastle, but there was a town pump on the wall which had supplied

townspeople with excellent water for generations; but in the course of time, the servant maids of the town, who carried the water in wooden pails on their heads, began to discover that the pump water was not exactly as it should be. It was too hard, or too soft, or too warm or too cold, or something was the matter with it.

They would rather carry the water they used from St. David's well although the distance was farther. This discovery was made about the time the dragons took up their quarters in the Desmond Hall; but of course, this circumstance had nothing to do with the deteriorating of the pump water; I only mention it as a coincidence.

The Courtenay castle, from the outside, has quite a modern appearance, with its massive fluted corinthian columns, supporting an ample portico, but like most of the old castles, seems to have been built more with a view to strength and defense rather than comfort. Part of the moat still remains, but it is modified in front of the castle and takes the form of a ha-ha.

The great entrance hall is hexagonal in shape; one panel being occupied by the Devon Arms, carved in heavy dark oak; the walls adorned with trophies of the Chase or battlefield and ancient arms and armour.

The rent office of the estate, presided over by the resident estate agent, is situated in one wing of the castle, and is equipped with a force of clerks, agriculturalists, surveyors and bailiffs, who manage all the affairs of the estate, including the town of Newcastle; and, of course, this is where the tenantry and townspeople pay their rents. It is, therefore, a very important appendage to the castle.

I was full of curiosity, as most young people are, I believe, and missed no opportunity to find out some of the legendary lore which, I was sure, must be connected with so old and romantic looking a place; and I questioned every one about the place, as I became acquainted with them, especially the old retainers. They all seemed unwilling to talk on these subjects, but sent me from one to the other, for the information I desired. I made acquaintance with the butler, hoping to find out something from him. He excused himself by saying that he had not been long at the castle; that he came from Dublin and never heard of the place until he came to be employed there; but he recommended me to inquire of Dan Madigan, the gate-keeper, who was at the castle since boyhood, and sat or paced inside the great oaken gate for half a century past. Madigan was not able to give me much information of the kind I wanted, but recommended me to inquire of "Lord" John Russell, the coachman. "Lord John," as he was locally called, said he had heard some yarns of tragedies having happened about the castle a long time ago, but did not pay much attention to them, but if I would speak to O'Connor, the head gardener, he was sure that he could tell me all about the legends belonging to the place, as he was a man that read a great deal; had been about the castle a long time, and, moreover, had fitted up a room in the old ruin, with an entrance into the garden, and used it as a tool-house and fruit-room; but I got but little satisfaction from O'Connor, and concluded they all knew more than they were willing to tell.

I got the butler to take me down into the cellar one night, when visit only increased my curiosity, without satisfying it to any great extent. There was a single gas jet always kept burning, which, when turned up, threw a weird network of distorted shadows of columns and arches over the damp flagged floor. We felt we were crushing something under foot, at every step, and upon examining the floor, found it covered with thousands of beetles, of all colors, size and shapes.

There were three arched tunnels, leading, apparently in different directions, no one knew whither. These arches were half filled with debris of brick and mortar, and evidently had not been used for centuries. My guide pointed to them without speaking. Indeed, he spoke very little, and that only in a whisper, whilst we were down there. He pointed to a flag with a heavy iron ring in it, and whispered that that flag covered the entrance to a small chamber in which the spiral stone stairs leading to the keep commenced.

The first night I slept in the castle, I was handed a key with a label attached, indicating the room I was to occupy, and a wax taper. The stone stairs and corridors being all lit up, I had no difficulty in finding my room, which was on the top floor. Upon entering, I found myself in the queerest looking bedroom I had ever seen. It was about 40 feet long and 14 or 15 feet wide; with three doors on the corridor side and three windows on the other side, looking out on the leaded walk surrounding the low-pitched copper roof, and on the blank, castellated parapet wall on the outer side of the walk. The floor was of concrete, covered with what appeared to be a temporary board floor, without carpets, save a large rug at one side of the bed, which stood with its head against the middle of one end of the room, while an old-fashioned fireplace with a large iron grate occupied the middle of the other end. The bedstead was of massive solid mahogany, the four tall posts beautifully turned, an arched canopy on top and hung all around with heavy red damask; all in the oldest possible style, but very rich and costly, altogether out of keeping with the bare uncomfortable appearance of the rest of the room. But what puzzled me most was, there were five mattresses, with a feather bed on top, all nice and clean, but unnecessarily large in number. I always hated to sleep on a feather bed, but as my stay there was only to be temporary I thought I could put up with it a little while. Three chairs, a bureau black with age, and a washstand with its

furnishings, completed the furniture of the odd-looking room. I examined the two unused doors and found them locked, and also bolted inside, as was also the one I entered by.

I seen that three unshaded and uncurtained windows were fastened, and then climbed up into bed. I had occupied this room about five or six nights when, one very warm, sultry night, when I went up to my room, I thought I would, after all, have to get one of the hair mattresses on top somehow; so, taking off my coat and throwing up all the windows, I hauled off the great feather tick and one of the mattresses; I managed to get the feather tick on again after a fashion, with a mattress on top; congratulating myself on my prospects of a more comfortable sleep than usual. This operation of bed-making heated me so that I raised one of the windows to its full height, and going out on the walk, I took a stroll around the roof until I came to the keep, which is a story higher than the rest of the building. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and very calm and sultry. I could see the swans asleep on their pond near the castle, and hear the peafowl give an occasional chuckle in the tops of the great trees. I could hear also the monotonous murmur of the shallow and babbling Darrow, as it hurried along its pebbly bed to join the sluggish and more dignified Deel, about a mile below the town. I turned back intending to walk as far around as the keep, on the other side of the roof, but after passing my own open windows I found I had a neighbor in a room in the same tier as mine, at least there was light there; and, not liking to pass the window lest I might frighten or disturb somebody, I returned to my room, shut down and looked all the windows, examined the doors, as I did every night before retiring, and prepared for bed; but the full moon and shadeless windows under the room so very light that I released, for the first time, the heavy curtains from their loops on the bed posts and let them hang down all around the bed, to darken it so I could sleep better. I had dozed a little but had not got fast asleep, when I heard some one walking about through the room. I did not take long to become wide awake. The intruder, whoever he might be, seemed pacing in an absentminded, contemplative mood, and very slowly, to and from one end of the room to the other. I, at once, concluded it must be the butler, playing a trick on me, as I had asked him if there were any ghosts frequenting the castle. I had lain very still whilst he made a few turns of the room, and when he was at the further end I made ready to part the curtains suddenly when he would be passing along the bedside, and confront him, when he thought me fast asleep; so, when I heard him stepping from the bare floor on to the soft rug, I, with both hands, suddenly flung the curtains apart, but I, as quickly let them drop again, and dived under the bedclothes, head and all—there was no one to be seen!—although it was as light as day; and I heard him walking on the rug; and thought I heard him breathe, at the instant I threw back the curtains. This was the first moment that I entertained the possibility of its being anything supernatural. But I confessed to myself that the invisibility of this walker, in the clear moonlight, within arms length of me, looked somewhat like it. My sudden action seemed to disconcert him for a moment, as he ceased walking for a minute or two; then he resumed his walk as leisurely as before, from the head of the bed along the soft rug, where the tread was very faint; then along the bare floor where the step was quite audible and firm. By this time I was almost suffocated, and I uncovered my head cautiously.

I realized then how easy it is for a man to consider himself brave when there is no ghost in the room, but when there is, it is very different; especially when one has to deal with a mean, skulking ghost like this, who will not stand his ground, face to face, like a man, and discuss matters with you. He continued his monotonous beat, not seeming to notice my slight interruption in the least, and, apparently, ignoring my presence in the room entirely. He tried to emphasize his tread by posing on one foot for a second or two, and coming down with the other, I thought, unnecessarily heavy, so that I could not help hearing distinctly, every step, even in crossing the rug. He never passed by the other side of the bed, and never turned until he reached the wall at either end of the room.

I kept peering out through the narrow slit between the curtains to catch sight of him if possible, but could see nothing. I looked for a shadow which, I knew, must be cast if any material body had intercepted the strong moonbeams as they slanted in through the three uncurtained windows, but no shadow appeared on either floor or wall. I concluded therefore, that he must be ethereal, and nothing material about him; in fact that there was nothing to him except the walk, the measured monotonous tread so, what could it be other than a ghost?

I now blamed myself for having changed the bed in any way; who knew but the mattress he used to sleep on when in the body? and he was resenting the liberty I had taken; I wished I had left well enough alone. Sleeping on a feather bed was preferable to this slew that I had suffered all night. At last, as day began to dawn; after one of his trips to the further end of the room, he did not return. The birds began to twitter and I dozed off and slept for a couple of hours. I did not dream of ghosts or goblins, as, perhaps I ought to have done; but when I got up I made a thorough examination of the room. I found everything as I had left it. The doors were all locked

BEFORE MOVING

Into our new quarters, we wish to offer all Ladies' Fleece Lined and Percale Wrappers, the \$1.25 and \$1.00 kind for... Ladies' Calico Wrappers, the 75c grade, for... Dressing Sacques, fleece lined, all go now for, each... Ladies' and Children's Jackets at less than one-half the actual cost... Lace Curtains—a few odd curtains, each... 15c to 80c

IN A FEW DAYS

We will open the new store with a magnificent display of COTTON WASH GOODS, one item of which is forty pieces of new ideal BATISTE.

The New Millinery Department

In charge of an expert milliner from Chicago, will contain twice the stock of the old department and all the latest styles.

New Shoes! New Kid Gloves! New Notions!

WAIT FOR OUR GRAND OPENING. IT WILL PAY YOU.

G. R. LYON & CO.,
WAUKEGAN, ILL.
LEADERS OF LOW PRICES

and bolted inside; and the windows latched. I was sure nobody could have entered the room during the night.

After breakfast I related, to the people in the office, my experience during the night, and organized an investigating party. The procession marched bravely up the stone stairs, preceded by the butler, armed with a cleaver; while one of the draftsmen fell behind and made a capital sketch of the exploring party as it entered the room. We searched everywhere and everything.

The mattresses were all lifted off the bedstead; it had one of those old-fashioned web and cord bottoms instead of slats. Nothing was found to throw any light on the mystery. We threw up the windows and walked all around the roof. The keep had an iron door opposite the end of the walk, but it was very seldom opened, perhaps not more than once a year.

The only other thing we found on the roof, worth mentioning, was a great iron water tank.

As we fled into the room again we examined every nook and corner, and Mr. Guerin, the chief clerk, in poking about the gate, made the only discovery of the expedition. It was a large dead frog! We hurried down stairs with it, noisily proclaiming that we had captured the ghost. In the office we held what I suppose might be called an inquest; we "viewed the body," and after talking the matter over, and noting that it was an ash pit instead of an ash pan that was under the grate to receive the ashes; that this pit was about four inches deep, and that a little ashes remained in the bottom of the ashpit, we unanimously returned a verdict of accidental death, and that the immediate cause of death was suffocation in the ashpit. It appeared evident to all of us that the unfortunate frog, finding himself imprisoned in so uncongenial quarters, had spent the night leaping from one end of the room to the other in his efforts to get out; that one time he had leaped too far and landed in the ashpit, where he was blinded and finally suffocated by the ashes.

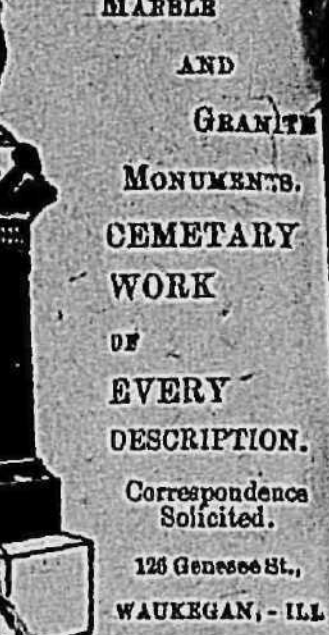
I recollected then, that the noise I heard all night was exactly such a noise as would be produced by the leaping of a large frog.

We now discussed the rather awkward problem of how the frog could have found its way into the room, on the upper floor of this large building. The evidence in the case was mostly circumstantial, but perfectly satisfactory to all. The butler stated that there was neither dog nor cat about the castle, to carry anything upstairs; the housemaids stated that the door of the room was almost always kept shut, but that the windows were left open part of every fine day; "Lord" John Russell, the coachman, stated it was part of his duty to see that the tank on the roof was always kept full of water, or at least that it was never allowed to become altogether empty; that he filled the tank as often as necessary, by a horse-power force pump, from the ornamental piece of water called the swan-pond; that he used this water by hose, for washing carriages, steps, etc., that the water for culinary and other purposes, was brought from St. David's well; that the pond end of the suction pipe leading to the tank, terminated in a perforated copper globe, the holes in which were not more than a quarter inch in diameter. We unanimously agreed that the frog had entered the globe and pipe before he became larger than the perforations of the copper globe; that it was sucked into the tank sometime when it was being filled; that it must have spilt on the roof, by the overflow, and that it had lived on the roof until it became the size we found it, and that it had jumped in through the open windows, as the walk was as high as the under side of the window sills.

This story is not only founded on fact, but is every word fact itself, and there is nothing fictitious or imaginary about it, even to the names of persons, places and incidents. It has also a moral.

If every ghost case, including all apparently supernatural manifestations or apparitions, whether human or any shape or form; were thoroughly investigated they would be found always equally susceptible of satisfactory explanation, by natural causes, without any necessity for invoking any supernatural agency whatever.

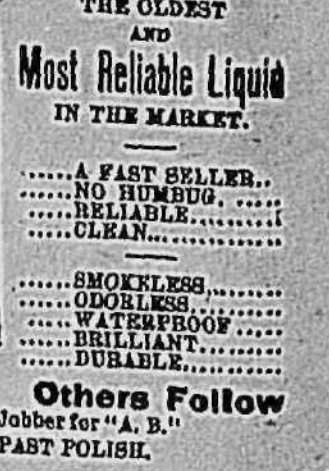
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MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS, CEMETARY WORK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.



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DENTIST,
Opp. First National Bank,
WAUKEGAN, ILL.
Graduate of Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, of Philadelphia.

A-B STOVE POLISH.
THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE LIQUID IN THE MARKET.



J. C. JAMES, JR.,
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Undertaking and Embalming.

The Brooke Barlow Investment
has Money To Lend
on good improved farms... Inquire 25yl at the BANK OF ANTON.

YOU CAN PATENT
anything you invent or improve... Write to C. A. SNOW & CO. Patent Lawyers, WASHINGTON, D.C.

FIGURE WITH US!

WE want your 1901 business and we are going to give you first-class goods and at a small margin of profit to get your trade and the more of your trade you can give us the smaller will be the profit which we can figure. We thank you all for the very liberal amount of patronage given us in 1900 and earnestly solicit your patronage the coming year. We are going to start right by giving you some exceptional bargains we desire to close out at once.

Men's Skirts
\$4.50 for \$6 White Skirts
3.25 for 4.50 tan Skirts
1.25 for \$2 Dress Skirts
3.75 for \$5 Dress Skirts

Ladies' Wrappers
\$2.00 Flannelletta Wrappers at \$1.45
1.75 Flannelletta Wrappers at 1.35
1.25 Flannelletta Wrappers at .90
1.00 Flannelletta Wrappers at .80

Cloaks and Jackets
\$7.50 Up-to-date Jacket at \$5.50
5.00 Up-to-date Jacket at 3.50
Infants Short Cloaks at cost

Elderdown Flannels
For Baby Cloaks and Drapery
Former price 40c, now 30c
55c French Flannels go at 40c
75c French Flannels go at 55c

Millinery
Any Walking Hat at 1/2 price
Any Trimmed Hat at 1/2 price
We offer a lot of Wool Tams at prices that were 85c to 50c, to close out at 1/2 price

F. D. BATTINGERSHALL, Grayslake

Boots and Shoes
Duck or Snag Proof Felt Overs were \$2.25, go at 1.75
\$2.50 grade Felt and Overs at \$1.95
2.00 grade Felt and Overs at 1.45
Children's Arctics, 6 to 9, go at .35
Men's regular \$2.50 Tan Shoes Best German Sock Outfit was \$2.75 now 2.00

Toys and Games
Any Toy or Game you may have seen here at Christmas time you may buy at one-half the price asked then

Groceries
Kennedy's Kenosha Crackers.....5c
A good Ginger Snap.....5c
2 packages Yeast Foam.....5c
lb-pkg Arm and Hammer Soda.....5c
Bulk Starch, per lb.....14c
Bulk Coconut, per lb.....14c
Quaker Oats.....8c
Pint Bottle of Ammonia.....5c
Quart Bottle Best Bluing.....5c

BRISTOL, WIS.

J. Dixon spent Saturday in Kenosha.

Frank Kingman spent Saturday in Kenosha.

Miss Lula Rowbottom was a Kenosha visitor Saturday.

Harvey Gaines spent Tuesday of this week in Chicago.

K. K. Casa was a Kenosha visitor Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Carl Siebold was a Kenosha visitor Monday of this week.

Mrs. Wm. Parigo has been entertaining grip during the past week.

Miss Sadie Garrett is just recovering from a severe attack of grip.

Miss Edith Murdock spent Sunday and Monday with Miss Grace Ellis at Evanston.

Miss Schofield, of Waukegan, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Gates, Wednesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bothlemy entertained his sister and niece from Chicago Tuesday of last week.

Edward Dixon has been spending the past week with his parents in our village, on account of illness.

Misses Bessie and Myra Whiteher spent Sunday with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Murdock.

Arthur Gaines was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. Barter, of Pleasant Prairie, the first part of the week.

Quite a number from this vicinity attended the Farmers' Institute at Salem on Thursday and Friday of last week.

Dan Richards, from north Dakota, attended the funeral of his father, Mr. J. Richards, Wednesday of last week.

Houses to rent are in great demand in our village. There are a couple of nice new houses for sale but none to rent.

It is reported that G. Nixon has sold his home in our village to a Mr. Griffith, of Union Grove, whose daughter will open a millinery store here.

Our general merchants have been putting in a fine line of new dry goods. You will do well to give them a call. Goods are of fine quality and very reasonable.

An elocutionary entertainment will be given at the Bristol hall on Friday evening of this week, under the auspices of the Epworth League. The elocutionist is one of the past-graduate young ladies of the Northwestern University at Evanston. She comes to us highly recommended and we hope that a full house may greet her next Friday evening. Admission 10 and 25cts.

Resolved; That we, the members of Oak Leaf Camp, No. 1542, B. N. A. to Neighbors Lena and Jessie Trafford:

Whereas; In accordance with the divine will of our all-wise Father, Neighbors Lena and Jessie Trafford have been called upon to part with their beloved mother.

Resolved; That we, the members of Oak Leaf Camp, No. 1542, extend to the bereaved daughters of the deceased in their darkest hour of sorrow and sadness, when their hearts are over-whelmed with grief, our sincere sympathy and commend them to the care of the all-wise Father who doeth all things well.

Resolved; That the sudden removal of so worthy a mother leaves a vacancy in our community and casts a gloom over us all, which is deeply felt by all who knew her. Be it further

Resolved; That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Neighbors Lena and Jessie Trafford, also published in the county papers and placed upon the records of our camp.

LAURA S. LAVEY, Recorder.

Twice Proven.
From the *Vindicator*, Rutledge, N. C.
The editor of the *Vindicator* has had occasion to test the efficacy of Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice with the most remarkable results in each case. First with rheumatism in the shoulder from which he suffered excruciating pain for ten days, which was relieved with two applications of Pain Balm, rubbing the parts afflicted and realizing instant benefit and entire relief in a very short time. Second, in rheumatism in the thigh joint, almost prostrating him with every pain, which was relieved by two applications, rubbing with the liniment on retiring at night, and getting up free from pain. For sale by W. H. Emmons, Antioch; Thomson's Pharmacy, Grayslake.

Northern Wisconsin Railroad Lands
are increasing in value from year to year. Railroads are the great civilizers, for they give the settler as well as the manufacturer equal opportunity to work in undeveloped fields, thereby rapidly settling the country and bringing forth its undiscovered riches. Northern Wisconsin is rich in iron ore, clay, kaolin, marl, timber and fine farm lands. It has made many a settler independent and added to the wealth of manufacturers who have sought this territory. Opportunities have not passed, as there is still a generous supply of land which can be obtained at low figures and on easy terms.

Ayling Brothers Ink.
The News office has just received a new stock of Ayling Brothers Jet Black Ink, non-corrosive and absolutely chemical proof. Try a bottle and if you don't agree with us in saying that it is the best ink you ever used we will cheerfully refund your money. Only 5 cents per bottle.

When you are bilious, use those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers to cleanse the liver and bowels. They never gripe. Wm. T. Hill.

Pan-American Exposition.

Nothing since the World's Fair, at Chicago, in 1893, has elicited the wide-spread interest that is manifest all over the world, in the Pan-American Exposition, which is to be held in Buffalo, from May 1st to November 1st, 1901.

The purpose of the Exposition is to illustrate the progress of the countries of the Western Hemisphere during the century of wonderful achievements, and to bring together into closer relationship the people composing the many States, Territories and Countries of the three Americas. Acting under proper authority, the President of the United States has invited all the Republics and Colonies of the American Hemisphere to join in commemorating the close of the Nineteenth Century and beginning of the Twentieth Century, by holding this International Exposition, on the Niagara Frontier.

For this important event, the Nickel Plate Road has issued an attractive, descriptive folder pamphlet, elaborately illustrating the Pan-American Exposition, the buildings and grounds.

The Nickel Plate Road is the short line between Chicago and Buffalo, affords competent train service from Chicago to Buffalo, New York City, Boston and all points east, with trains of modern equipment, on which no extra fares are charged; also dining-car service of the highest order. It affords meals in its dining-cars on the individual club plan, ranging in price from 35c. to \$1.00.

Call on any ticket agent for a Pan-American Folder of the Nickel Plate Road, or address, John Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill. Parties desiring hotel or rooming accommodations at Buffalo or Niagara Falls, during any period of the Pan-American Exposition, are invited to apply by letter or otherwise to F. J. Moore, General Agent, 281 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. 28*3

Strikes A Rich Find.

"I was troubled for several years with chronic indigestion and nervous debility," writes F. J. Green, of Lancaster, N. H. "No remedy helped me until I began to use Electric Bitters, which did me more good than any other medicine I ever used. They have also kept my wife in excellent health for years. She says Electric Bitters are just splendid for female troubles; that they are a grand tonic and invigorator for weak, run down women. No other medicine can take its place in our family." Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by Wm. T. Hill.

The Game of Whist.

A neat booklet issued by the Wisconsin Central railroad, fully giving all the laws governing the game of Whist and Duplicate Whist, as well as other valuable information can be obtained by addressing J. C. Pond, Gen. Pass. Agent, Milwaukee, Wis. 3w11

A Horrible Out-break.

"Of large sores on my little daughter's head developed into a case of scald head," writes C. D. Isbill of Morgantown, Tenn., but Bucklen's Arnica Salve completely cured her. It's a guaranteed cure for Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers and Piles. Only 25 cents at Wm. T. Hill's.

AGENCY, IA., Oct. 17, 1899

PERKIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.

GENTS—I have used Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin with marked success. I unhesitatingly recommend it to those suffering with Stomach Trouble or Constipation. It's certainly a blessing to humanity. You are at liberty to use my testimonial.

Very respectfully, F. M. Wilcoxson.

Sold by Wm. T. Hill.

Cultured Conductors in Boston.

Boston newspapers assert that the conductors on their local traffic lines are the most cultured ticket collectors to be found anywhere. They insist that many of these Yankee sages speak several languages and carry college diplomas in their inside pockets.

Correspondence Wanted.

Write us if you want to learn what Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will do, or call at our store and get a trial bottle. Ten doses 10c. at Wm. T. Hill's.

Football in Burma.

Among the Burmese football is as popular as it is in English speaking countries. But the Burman does not wear boots. He kicks and shoots goals with his bare feet.

The lingering cough following grippe calls for One Minute Cough Cure. For all throat and lung troubles this is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Prevents consumption. Wm. T. Hill.

Famous Bull Fighter Passes Away.

Lagartijo, the famous bull fighter, a rival of Frascuelo, Angel Pastor and Guerrito, and one of the most brilliant toreros of his generation, has just died at Cordova.

See that you get the original DeWitt's Little Early Risers when you ask for it. The genuine is a certain cure for piles, sores and skin diseases. Wm. T. Hill.

Dense Population About Boston.

According to Governor Crane, 40 per cent of the population of the state of Massachusetts is included within a circle including ten miles in every direction from the state house.

Job Printing, from a visiting card to a full sheet poster, neatly and promptly done at THE NEWS OFFICE, Antioch, Ill.

WORTELL WEATHER.

Faculty Possessed by Members of the Insect Family.

Close observation of the habits and instincts of insects will show that the little creatures have a remarkable faculty for foretelling the approach of storms and it will be seen that a mistake is seldom, if ever, made by them. Bees are excellent weather prophets. There is a common country saying that "a bee was never caught in a shower." When rain is impending bees do not go far afield, but ply their labor in the immediate neighborhood of their hives. Just before rain the humming bees may be observed entering the hive in large numbers, while none comes out again. When this is observed the observer may confidently follow the good example and seek shelter. And, again, when bees are seen vigorously at work very early in the morning, unsettled weather may be expected later in the day. Wasps and hornets are said to have the weather instinct over a still larger range. The banks of streams are favorite nesting places for these insects. If the nests in any season are generally placed high up in the bank it is always taken by country people as a sign of a wet season, the position of the nests being taken in order to avoid floods. When the nests are near down to the level of the water they foretell a dry and warm season. Ants, too, are credited with an instinct for the weather of a whole season. When they are observed at midsummer enlarging and building up their dwellings it is said to be a sign of an early and cold winter. The daily habits of the ant, however, yield a number of more reliable observations at closer than a season's range. For instance, when ants that have been looted in a low ground are observed migrating to higher, it is a sign of heavy rains. The entrance to their underground dwellings are always worth noticing, for an open ant hole means clear weather and a closed one means that a storm is approaching. There is a wealth of weather wisdom to be got from observation of spiders. These insects cannot spin properly in a high wind. Before a gale they may be observed strengthening their webs. The shape of the web is always a valuable indication.—Youths' Companion.

NO LONGER TRACKLESS.

Captains Follow Routes Laid Down by Sailing Directors.

It is no longer "the trackless ocean." If two vessels sail from New York for Calcutta, they will, if intelligently navigated, follow so nearly in the same course that their paths, if plotted on a chart, will hardly diverge by fifty miles at any point. The same is true of any other route. Let us consider the case of a vessel bound for New York from Liverpool. Her captain might, if prepared for a constant battle against adverse winds and currents and winter gales, select a route not very different from that followed by ocean steamers between those ports. Otherwise he would follow the southern route laid down by the sailing directors; and after beating to the westward a few hundred miles to make sure of clearing the coast of Spain, would shape a course to the southward, passing as far west as Madeira as the westerly winds of these latitudes will permit. Between Madeira and the Canaries, but a few hundred miles to the westward of both, he would fan his way across the baffling "Calms of Cancer," and pick up the northeast trade winds. With these astern and freshening every mile, he would sweep down to the south and west, and when well over toward the West Indies, haul up to the northward toward Bermuda. Here he would have to work again across the "Calms of Cancer," and then with the uncertain, but probably western winds of the Atlantic coast, and with the Gulf Stream in his favor, he would stand on and make his port, having sailed 4,500 miles between two countries. This route is laid down on winds and current almost universally favorable, and with fine and bracing weather.

COLD INDEED.

Some of the Odd Tricks of Liquid Air. Liquid air is, perhaps, the coldest thing in the world. It is so cold that a cake of ice is like a fierce fire as compared with it, for a kettle of liquid air placed on a cake of ice will boil just as water boils over a hot fire. It freezes mercury so hard that one can drive nails in it. The story is told that Mr. Charles B. Tripler, the experimenter in liquid air, recently took a quart can of the remarkable substance with him on a visit to a friend. On the way he stopped in a restaurant to eat a beefsteak. The waiter brought in a hot broiled steak and placed it in front of Mr. Tripler. As soon as the waiter's back was turned Mr. Tripler hastily opened the can and exposed the meat to the liquid air. Instantly the steak was frozen hard as a rock. When the waiter came back his customer complained that the steak was frozen. So the waiter called the head waiter, and the head waiter blamed it all on the cook and the cook was at a loss to explain, and the result was that the frozen steak was taken back into the kitchen as a mysterious curiosity. A new steak was broiled for Mr. Tripler, and this one he ate with much relish.

Policemen Quit When Whistle Blows.

One reason, though not an excuse, for lynching can be seen in the report from Kansas of two policemen who were pursuing a brute who had assaulted a little eight-year-old girl. When the 6 o'clock whistle blew, their day was up, and the two conscientious guardians of the peace promptly abandoned the chase.—Exchange.



His Terrible Cough.

Few things are so depressing and weakening as a constant cough. Few things are as discouraging as a cough that will not yield to treatment. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures coughs when all other medicines fail, because it is more than a cough medicine. The cough is but a symptom. "Discovery" makes new and pure blood, heals the lacerated tissues, and gives the body the needed strength to throw off disease. It cures the cough by curing the cause of the cough. There is no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor other narcotic in the "Discovery."

I had a terrible cough something over a year ago and could do nothing to stop it, or even to do me a particle of good," writes Mr. J. M. Farr, of Cameron, Oregon Co., Ga. "I changed to see an advertisement of yours, and forthwith bought a bottle of your invaluable 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Before I had taken half a bottle I was entirely well."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, in paper covers, free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Louisville & Nashville

Railroad, THE GREAT CENTRAL SOUTHERN TRUNK LINE

WINTER TOURIST TICKETS

Now on sale to

Florida!

and the

GULF COAST

Write for folders, descriptive matter, etc., to

C. L. STONE,

General Passenger Agent, LOUISVILLE, KY.

SEND YOUR ADDRESS TO:

[R. J. WEMYSS,

General Immigration and Industrial Agent, LOUISVILLE, KY.:

And he will mail you, free,

MAPS, ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS and PRICE LISTS OF LANDS and FARMS in

Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Florida.

R. S. BOTSFORD,

Conveyancing, Real Estate, Loans, Collections,

180 Washington St., Waukegan, Ill.

BADLY DECAYED TEETH

Can be Saved!

—OR—

Extracted Painlessly...

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

G. R. OLCOTT,

DENTIST, Antioch, Ill.

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY

Made a Well Man of Me

THE GREAT

FRANCE RIMMONT

produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unite one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off insanity and consumption. Issues on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in your pocket. By mail \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a full size written guarantee to cure or your money back. Advice and circular free. Write to ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 16-20 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

For Sale, by Wm. T. Hill.

Grayslake's Local.

A. W. Harvey was at Ravenwood the last of the week.

P. Farr, of Chicago, visited his mother and sister here the last of the week.

Mrs. Charles Whiteman returned to her home in Waverly, Iowa, on Monday.

Mrs. W. B. Higley spent Friday and Saturday with relatives at Rogers Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Wilbur, of Burlington, Wis., visited F. Wilbur and family over Sunday.

On Saturday evening Mizpah Camp, R. N. A., celebrated their 5th anniversary after the regular work. A program was given and a banquet enjoyed.

Miss Valeria Ety, who has been visiting in Chicago for some time, spent a number of days with friends here, returned to Chicago Monday where she has accepted a position in a wholesale millinery store.

The storm on Saturday night did much damage to telegraph and telephone lines. About 270 telegraph poles on the W. C. R. R., between here and Waukegan, were broke, and about the same number on the St. P. R. R., being the most damage of the kind done in years.

She.—I have never loved before.

He.—And why my precious? Surely there are others as worthy as I.

She.—That wasn't it. I had Indigestion so bad I could never endure their prattle, but I took a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and have never seen any sign of it since. Get it at Wm. T. Hill's.

Friday being Mr. W. Emmons's birthday his wife decided to give him a surprise by inviting about eighteen of his gentlemen friends to come and spend the evening, it proved to be a genuine surprise and one that was enjoyed by all present. After a few social games of cards a fine lunch was served, when all wished Mr. Emmons many more birth anniversaries.

The yearly meeting of the Church Aid society was held at the home of Mrs. O. Washburn on Wednesday afternoon, and the following officers were elected; Mrs. B. Higley, re-elected President; Mrs. Emma Harvey, Vice-President; Mrs. A. Higley, re-elected Secretary; Mrs. F. Wattershall, Treas.; Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. White and Mrs. Washburn, Executive committee. The amount taken in the past year was \$223.95, which speaks well for the Society.

MILLBURN, ILL.

Some of the things done on the parsonage.

The new lamps in the church are a great improvement.

Mrs. Geo. Garrity is visiting with relatives in Chicago.

Mrs. J. M. Strang, who has been visiting in Chicago, returned Saturday.

R. Pantall, Arthur Spaulding and R. Lucas, were Chicago visitors last week.

The furniture for the church has not yet arrived. Some think the contract was too large for the factory.

The concert at the church Saturday evening, was a success in every way. Uncle Sam came to town and was present.

The Joshua was there.

FOX LAKE.

Mr. Guy Hook has moved on his father's place.

The Fox Lake schools closed for the winter term last Tuesday.

F. L. Galiger and Mr. M. Weber were Antioch visitors Monday.

Mr. A. Reese has had his ice house belonging to the Pop factory filled.

Mr. Fred Galiger is working for Mr. Ben Cossman who is on the sick list.

Miss Catherine Nelson, of Antioch, is spending a few days with Mrs. William Nelson and family.

Mr. W. Simes and family were called here by the sickness and death of Mrs. Simes' father, William Nelson last week.

We have been informed of the serious illness of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Reid, with the whooping cough, but we hope for the recovery of the little one.

We extend sympathy to Prof. F. N. Gagin and wife and also other relatives, and hope that Mrs. Gagin's life may be spared and that she may fully recover from her injuries.

The stomach controls the situation. Those who are hearty and strong are those who can eat and digest plenty of food. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and allows you to eat all the good food you want. If you suffer from indigestion, heartburn, belching or any other stomach trouble, this preparation can't help but do you good. The most sensitive stomach can take it. Wm. T. Hill.

VOLO, ILL.

No service in the Volo church last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Graves have moved on the Stanford farm.

Sunday School and preaching next Sunday at the usual hour, one and two p. m.

Robert Paddock's family have all been afflicted with the Grip. Mr. Paddock is still quite ill.

Miss Mary Raught is spending this week in Chicago, visiting her aunt, Mrs. Mary Blake, who is very poorly.

The wind and ice storm last Saturday night and Sunday did considerable damage to the telephone lines in Volo and vicinity.

Counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are liable to cause blood poisoning. Leave them alone. The original has the name DeWitt's upon the box and wrapper. It is a harmless and healing salve for skin diseases. Unequalled for piles. Wm. T. Hill.

Mr. Elijah Richardson has sold his Volo property, formerly owned by Henry Rogers of Waukegan, to James Murry. Compensation, \$8,000. The next few weeks Mr. Richardson will have a closing out sale; he wishes to dispose of his goods as he intends to retire from business. The Post-office will be in John Richardson's store on the east side of Main Street.

Their promptness and their pleasant of facts make DeWitt's Little Early Risers most popular little pills where ever they are known. They are simply perfect for liver and bow troubles. Wm. T. Hill.

